THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

FEBRUARY 1916

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Did You?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And bearing about all the burden he can—
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road?
Or, did you just let him go on with his load?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight,
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand—
When a man's borne about all that a man ought to stand?
Did you ask what it was; why the quivering lip
And the glistening tears down the pale cheek that slip?
Were you brother of his when the time came to be?
Did you offer to help him, or didn't you see?

J. W. FOLEY

A magazine issued in the interest of the Native American

The Red Man

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Contents:

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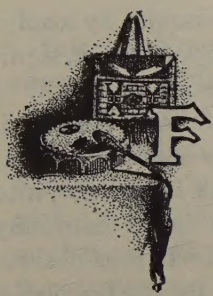
CHIEF LITTLE FISH—SIOUX

THE RED MAN

The Indian and Nature—The Basis of His Tribal Organization and Rites:

By Alice C. Fletcher, in The Baltimore American.



FROM an extended study of Siouan tribes of the plains Indians, it is evident that their tribal organization and rites are based on concepts derived from observations of nature.

The Indian discerned that everywhere dual forces were employed to reproduce and so perpetuate living forms. The fructifying power of the sun was needed to make the earth fruitful and only by the union of the two, the sky and the earth, was life in its various forms made possible. Upon these two opposites he projected human relations and made them, to a degree, anthropomorphic, the sky became masculine, the earth feminine. Finally, he was led to conceive of the cosmos as a unit, permeated with the same life force of which he was conscious within himself; a force that gave to his environment its stable character; to every living thing on land or water the power of growth and of movement; to man it gave not only his physical capacities but the ability to think, to will, to bring to pass. This unseen, undying, unifying force was called by the Omaha and cognate tribes, Wakonda. Through Wakonda all things came into being, are ever related, and more or less interdependent. Consequently, nature stood to the Indian as the manifestation of an order instituted by Wakonda wherein man was an integral part. To this order he turned for guidance when establishing those means, religious and secular, that would insure to him, individually and socially, safety and continuous life.

His Tribal Organization.

FINDING himself to be one of a wide-reaching family, the Indian planned his tribal organization upon the type of that family. He divided the people into two great sections, one to represent the sky, the other the earth. Each of these sections was composed of a number of kinship groups, called by the Indian, Towogtho, meaning village. (These villages are spoken of as clans or gentes by the students of our race.)

Each village stood for some one of the forms of life seen in Wakonda's instituted order. The sky was the abode of the sun, the moon, the stars, the storm cloud with its thunder and lightning. The earth with its land and water was the abode of the trees, the grasses, and the various animals so closely allied to man and his needs. The tribal organization aimed to mirror man's environment. The tribal rites were instituted to provide a means by which the people could approach the invisible power, believed to abide in nature, for help, to secure food, safety, and long life.

The Omaha distinguishes tribal rites from other ceremonies by applying to the former the term We-wa-cpe. The word is compound; we, signifies an instrument, a means by which something is done or brought to pass; wa-cpe, means orderly conduct, thoughtful composure. The word, according to its context can mean, religion, law, or any similar institution. As here used it signifies a means to bring the people into order, into thoughtful composure. This term applied to tribal rites, bears testimony to a discriminating observation of the social value of the religious observances, not only as a power to hold the people together by the bond of a common belief, but as a means to augment the importance of self-control and of submission to authority. Rites designated as we-we-wa-cpe, were believed to open a way between the people and the mysterious, unseen Wakonda, and any careless or irreverent act toward them subjected the offender to supernatural punishment.

Ceremonial Rites.

THESE rites are composed of dramatic acts, the recitations of rituals and the singing of ritualistic songs. In these are embodied the myths and allegories in which genesis of man and his relation to nature are set forth. In the stories, symbols and metaphors are freely used, often in a highly imaginative manner and not infrequently touched with poetic feeling. By these means the Indians' mind sought to bridge the gulf he recognized as stretching between him and the forms and forces of nature that had so direct and yet so subtle a relation to his existence. These myths, allegories and metaphors form a nimbus about these rites that both illumines and yet makes elusive their meaning.

The Omaha, on his entrance into life, is met by one of the tribal rites. He is introduced to the cosmos by the priest, who, standing outside the tent, and raising his right hand to the heavens, palm outward, intones in a loud voice the following ritual hymn:

> Ho! Ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye that move in the heavens;
> I bid ye hear me!
> Into your midst has come a new life!
> Consent ye, I implore!
> Make a path smooth, that it may reach the brow of the first hill.

The Wind, Clouds, Rain, Mist that moves in the air: the Hills, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes, Trees, Grasses of the earth; the Birds of the air, the Animals of the forest, the Insects that creep among the grasses and burrow in the ground are addressed in the same manner. Finally, he cries:

Ho! All ye of the heavens, all ye of the earth,
I bid ye hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life!
Consent ye, consent ye all, I implore!
Make its path smooth, then shall it travel beyond the four hills.

Infancy, Youth, Maturity, Old age, are the four hills across which lies the rugged pathpay of life.

In the social life of the Indians many little dramatic acts occur significant of beliefs that are difficult for a stranger to understand correctly. For example: A relative comes to the home of the infant and presents it with a tiny pair of moccasins with a hole cut in each sole. The Indian mother understands the tender wish conveyed by the act. The baby is thus recognized as an Omaha child, for the moccasins anticipate the ceremony in which the new life is proclaimed a member of the tribe. The holes are a sign of usage—they express the givers' prayer for a long life to the child. A person might enter the tent, see the tiny moccasins with holes and exclaim: "What a long way the little one has traveled!" This, too, would be a prayer for long life to the child. If an unseen messenger from the spirit world should approach the infant to bid it come with him, the child would be able to say, "No, I can't go with you; look, my moccasins are worn out!" And so the baby would not be taken away from its mother.

Both garments and the manner of wearing them ceremonially are by the Indians invested with symbolic meanings. For instance: The robe is significant of a man's duties or purposes according to the manner in which it is worn or adjusted about his person. The position of the eagle feather on a man's scalp-lock indicates the class of the act which brought to the man the right to this war honor. Other regalia made up of different articles, each one of which has its special significances, presents to the Indian warrior a picture, as of the battle field where he fought, defending his tribe and winning his honors. None of the articles employed to represent war honors or a special part taken by a man in any of the tribal rites are allowed to be used merely as adornments. A war honor cannot be worn by a man until he has won a right to wear it by the performance of a valorious act that has been publicly recounted, approved by witnesses, in the presence of the tribe, at which time the honor appropriate to his act is accorded him, and he is authorized to wear the insignia belonging to the grade of his act.

Significance of Moccasins.

MOCCASINS have a significance. Formerly each tribe had its own style of moccasin, so that a person's tribe would be indicated by the kind of moccasin he wore.

In the ceremony that marks the birth of the " new life" into the tribal organization, the dual forces are present, the masculine sky and the feminine earth; the former, represented by the "Four Winds" invoked to to "come hither" in the opening ritual song; and the latter by the stone placed in the center of the ceremonial tent. The time when this tribal rite took place was in the spring, "when the grass was up and meadow lark singing." The child was about four years old and must be able to go about alone and unassisted. A tent was set up and made sacred; therein the priest awaited the children brought thither by their mothers, each child carrying a new pair of moccasins. As the mother approached the tent with her child, she addressed the priest, saying "Venerable man, I desire my child to wear moccasins!" and the little one, carrying its moccasins, entered the tent alone. According to the Omaha rite and that of some of the cognates, the priest, after summoning the "Four Winds," lifted the child upon the stone, where it stood in its bare feet facing the east; then the priest lifted it and placed it on the stone facing the south; again he lifted it on the stone and it stood facing the west; lifting it again, its feet rested on the stone as it faced the north; lastly, the priest lifted the child and it stood on the stone with its face to the east. The priest sang the following ritual song. A free translation is given:

> Turned by the Winds goes the one I send yonder—
> Yonder he goes who is whirled by the Winds—
> Goes where the four hills of life and the Four Winds are standing.
> There into the midst of the Winds do I send him—
> Into the midst of the winds, standing there.

The priest then puts upon the child's feet the new moccasins, makes it take four steps, and says: "Go forth on the path of life!" A personal tribal name is now given the child, one that belonged to its father's village (gens) and referred to the second symbol of its rite. This name was then proclaimed by the priest to the "Hills, Trees, Grasses, and all living creatures great and small" in the hearing of the assembled members of the tribe.

In connection with the part symbolically taken by the Winds in this ceremony, it is interesting to note that it was the duty of the Wind people to put the moccasins on the feet of the dead, that they might enter the spirit land and there be recognized and able to rejoin their kindred.

The Vanishing Race

(A PICTURE BY EDWARD S. CURTIS)

Into the shadows, whose illumined crest
Speaks of the world behind them where the sun
Still shines for us whose day is not yet done
Those last dark ones go drifting. East or West,
Or North or South—it matters not; their quest
Is towards the shadows whence it was begun:
Hope in it, Ah, my brothers, there is none:
And yet—they only seek a place to rest.

So mutely, uncomplainingly they go.
How shall it be with us when they are gone,
When they are but a mem'ry and a name?
May not those mournful eyes to phantoms grow—
When, wronged and lonely, they have drifted on
Into the voiceless shadows whence they came?

ELLA HIGGINSON.

My Experience With Geronimo's Indians in Arizona:

G. W. Miles, in Overland Monthly.

I ARRIVED in Silver City, New Mexico, on Monday, June 2, 1885. I soon formed friendships that have lasted till the present time. Among them were C. E. Conway (Cab Conway), a retired grocery merchant, and Wm. P. Dorsey (Horn Silver Bill), a prominent mining man and property owner. These two "gilt-edged" men were partners in some silver mines at Camp Malone, a mining camp about 35 miles southwest from Silver City. I often met Dorsey and his partner, "Cab," and soon realized that I had found friends in both, especially "Bill Dorsey."

One day Dorsey made me a proposition to go prospecting in Arizona for a month or two.

An evening later I was to dine with friends, Judge and Mrs. George F. Patrick—Judge Patrick was a prominent attorney and cattle owner of Silver City, and a former school mate of mine. We discussed matters concerning plans for the trip to Arizona, and decided that it would be a good outing for me. "But how about the Indians?" asked Mr. Patrick, "Chief Geronimo and his band have left the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona, and have killed over fifty people in Grant County, New Mexico, three of them near Silver City." "Why," said I, "you know that Captain Lawton (later General Lawton in the Philippines) is on their trail going south to Mexico. He may capture them any day."

Dinner was soon over, and as I had decided to see Bill that night, I excused myself and went to his rooms in the Dorsey building. I found him and Cab at their rooms, packing supplies and arranging things necessary for the trip.

"Hello, old man; come right in," said Cab. "We were just discussing you. Can you go?"

"Yes; any time after the Fourth."

"Right-o; we will start Tuesday. Now, professor, look over that list of things I've ordered; make any suggestions you can about supplies."

"Have you any 'slickers,' Bill?"

"Slickers? No—that's so; the rainy season is just beginning. Put down three slickers and a horse shoeing outfit."

On the list were guns and ammunition, bacon, beans, flour, soup, matches, towels, sugar, coffee, canned meats and vegetables, potatoes, tinware and cutlery, salt, tobacco, one gallon of brandy for snakebite, frying pans, Dutch oven, water keg, axle grease, etc.

"Great Scott, Bill, are you going to open a store at Malone?"

"No," said he. "We may make a strike, and we don't want to run out of grub."

On Tuesday morning we started for Malone. Bill and Cab rode in the light wagon, and I rode the little black mule, Jack.

Malone is a beautiful, picturesque spot, situated just below the box in Thompson Canyon in the foothills of the Burro Range. The massive walls of the canyon are composed of breccia and sandstone overlying a bedrock of granite and porphyry. The camp went down with the fall in the price of silver.

We immediately set to work to unloading our goods and arranging the small frame house for a few days' rest and comfort. Soon after our arrival an Indian scout paid us a call. He had been shot through the thigh by a hostile. A company of soldiers was camping nearby, waiting orders from Captain Lawton and expected to start south any day on the trail of Geronimo and his band. The Apaches were last seen going toward Skeleton Canyon, Arizona, where Lieutenant Gatewood, under Captain Lawton, nearly two years afterward, captured their band after one of the most sensational campaigns in the history of Indian warfare. I also heard that Judge McComas, a prominent attorney and mining man, had been killed by Indians about two miles down the canyon, a short time before, and his little son carried off, probably alive, as his body was never found.

The wounded scout was an Arapahoe Indian and spoke some English. Of course I was interested in hearing the story of his recent escapade with the Apache hostiles. "How did it happen?"

"You see, like this. I see tree Indian; he see me first, he shoot, kill my horse, shoot me. I shoot, kill 'em one horse, maybe so, one Indian. No see. He run, I stay out all night; next day, find camp. No difference, no hurt much; soon I be well."

After a night of rest and a good sleep, for surely I slept well, notwith-

standing the Indian excitement, we rose early, had a good camp breakfast, and started out to inspect the camp and vicinity.

After a few days of preparation we loaded our effects into the little spring wagon and started for the "Gila Country" in Arizona. We drove out about twenty miles, and camped on the plains about ten miles from Hart's Ranch, where the Lordsburg road leads into the Lower Gila. There we remained over night on the grassy plains with the clear blue July sky for our canopy.

About dawn next morning I was awakened by a low, deep howl, not far away. Raising myself cautiously, at the same time grasping my Winchester, I looked in the direction of the sound, and saw a large, grey wolf sitting on his haunches watching camp, no doubt "prospecting," but afraid to approach nearer. One sharp crack from my gun, and the lobo bounded into the air and fell dead.

Both my companions sprang up, each reaching for his gun. "What's that?" said Cab.

"I got a wolf."

By gum," said Bill, "a good omen. That's the way we'll do the Indians."

"I am not sure, Bill. That wolf was only prospecting; we are only prospecting. Wait." We did not have to wait long.

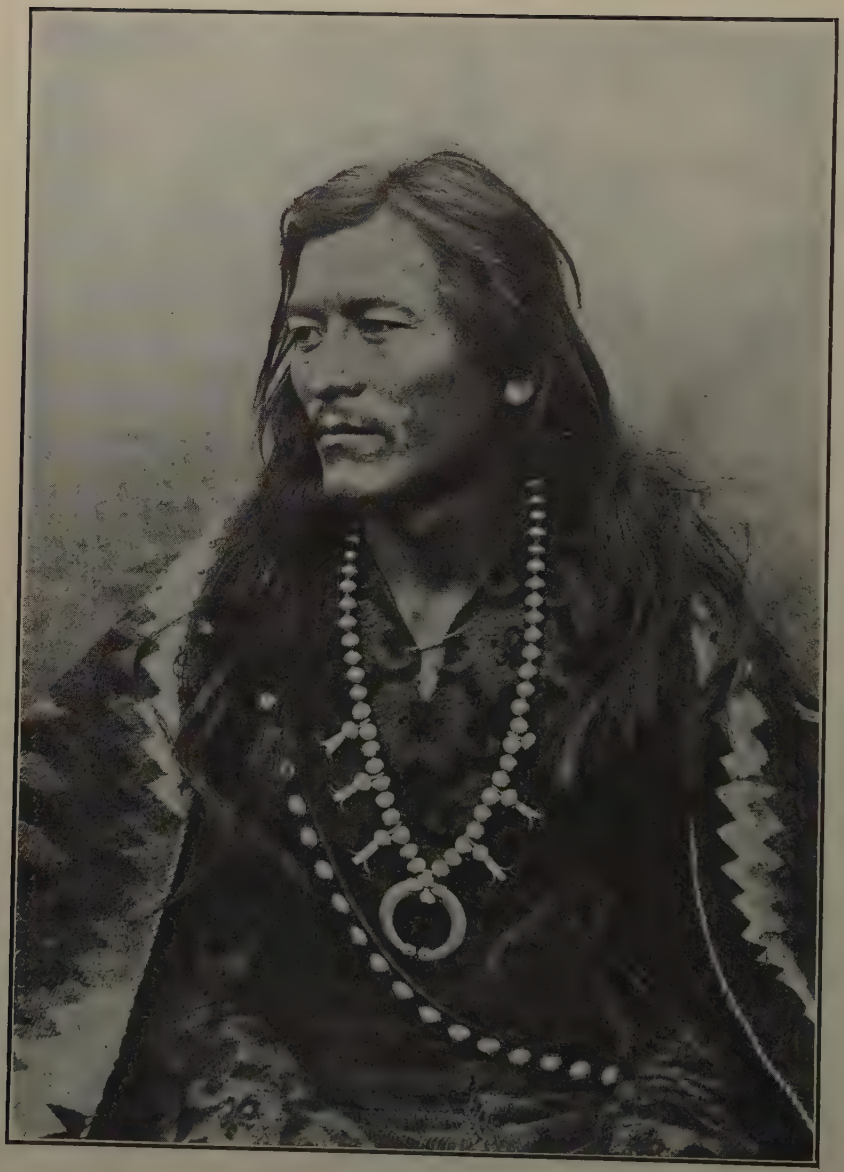
We continued our journey westward, reaching Wilson's ranch by noon. "Uncle Billy" Wilson treated us to fresh butter, milk, eggs, and fruit for lunch, and gave us a supply to take along. Everybody in the Gila country knew Uncle Billy. He was with Quantrell during the Civil War and became one of the first settlers in the Lower Gila. The Indians knew him and kept a respectful distance.

By nightfall we reached York's cattle ranch a few miles below Duncan, Arizona. Mr. York had been killed by the White Mountain Apaches not long before, and his widow was on the ranch, keeping an eye on the business. Mrs. York was very courteous to us, and invited us to stay over a day or two and catch Gila trout and "fry fish." We remained till the second day, July 14th, in the afternoon, spending most of the time in one veritable fish fry.

But we were bent on prospecting. About ten miles to the north in Apache Canyon were some old copper workings where an eastern company had spent a fortune and gained some experience. Bill had heard that there were silver prospects in that section, and we decided to hunt for them.

We reached a good spring near the old copper mines in time to make ourselves comfortable for the night. As there was little time to spare, Cab and I took a short round in the foothills near camp and killed enough small game for supper, while Bill looked for silver. He found some cop-

NAVAJO INDIAN WOMAN AND BABY



A NAVAJO HEADMAN

per rock which he first thought was chloride of silver (greenhorn silver). Cab called it "Green Eyed Monster." We kept a close lookout for Indians, as they usually passed down Apache Canyon on their way south from the San Carlos Reservation. But they had been reported some distance south of the Gila a week before this, and we considered ourselves quite safe for the time, at least.

Next morning after breakfast I went to the brakes to hunt deer. Bill started out with his pick in search of silver and Cab went fishing up the canyon. About noon we all met, Cab being the only successful hunter among us. He had a string of nice trout, which were soon ready for the frying pan. We made a meal of fish, crackers, fried potatoes, and tea, and took a rest through the heat of the day. About three o'clock in the afternoon Bill called time. "By gum, boys, rather poor prospects for mineral. I do not like the formation. I'll try it this afternoon on the other side. If there's nothing better than I've found so far, I am ready to go south to Ash Spring. There's a better show over there."

"I saw some bear signs about a mile up the canyon. I believe I can find a bear," said Cab.

"All right; I'll go with you," said I." "Lay out a course for me." "See that cedar brake?" said Cab, pointing to a motte of timber about a mile up a small ravine to the northwest. "You go to that and work across east to the canyon. I'll work across the foothills east of here and meet you up the canyon where the running water sinks. When you reach the main canyon, follow up or down, as the case may be, till you find where the water sinks, and wait till I come. If I arrive there first I'll wait for you. I saw bear tracks going in all directions."

I found some old signs, but no bears. By five o'clock I found where the running water sank in the sand. I did not have to wait long.

In about ten minutes after I reached the meeting place I was aroused by a shot, a loud whoop, and the crashing of breaking brush approaching me from the canyon. I fell behind a projecting rock and made ready for action. I expected to see Cab in a running fight, coming down the canyon, with a dozen red skins chasing him. But instead he came running, hat in one hand and gun in the other. "Bears," he shouted excitedly; "four of them."

Just then I heard rocks rattling down the hillside to the west. Looking quickly in that direction, I saw a large cinnamon bear about two hundred yards away running in the direction of the juniper thicket which I had left about half an hour before. Cab and I began firing, he shooting twice and I three times, when bruin rolled down the little hill into a ravine and disappeared from view.

"I hit him. I saw him double up when I shot last," said Cab.

"Yes; and I saw him fall when I shot last," said I.

On reaching the spot, we found a large he-bear which weighed probably 750 pounds. He was hit twice, and as the two wounds corresponded to range respectively to the positions which we held at the time of shooting, evidently both of us had hit him.

We were late returning to camp, and found Bill waiting supper for us. We broiled cuts of bear meat on the coals and added to the supper already prepared by Bill.

It goes without saying that we enjoyed our supper, as we had not enjoyed a meal since leaving Silver City. Cab related his experience with the bears, while Bill and I enjoyed the joke on both Cab and the big bruin whose ill-luck had brought us so much sport.

"Say, boys, you remember that I told you when we killed the wolf that it was a good omen. We are playing in good luck. But I am not sure that we are not taking chances right now. I saw some fresh horse tracks going down the arroyo just over that divide south of here. You notice there are no range horses around here. Strikes me that it's Indians. I don't like the sign. I think we had better get out of here to-morrow. You know this is their old hunting ground, and we are liable to run into a big bunch of them," said Bill.

After some discussion, we put out the fire and retired for the night. I slept in the wagon and Cab and Bill made their bed on the wagon sheet and slept on the ground.

About two o'clock we were aroused by a hoarse sound only a few feet away. We all rose up simultaneously, every man reaching for his gun. Right in camp, rummaging among the pots, was a large dark object, evidently a huge bear. Cab's gun flashed; while Bill made for the nearest tree, and I lay still, with my finger on the trigger, considering myself safer in the wagon than on the ground.

With a snort and a bound, the black animal went hobbling off down the canyon. "Gee whizz, boys, I believe you've shot our mule," said I.

"Sure. Couldn't you see that it was Jack?" said Bill.

"Guess you are right. But it's too late now." said Cab.

It was all plain enough now that it was the little black mule Jack. Cab and I started out in pursuit, but although the mule was hobbled, he kept out of our reach. So we returned to camp and awaited daylight to ascertain results.

As soon as light came we were out and rounded up our stock. The mule was not hurt, save a slight flesh wound through the mane just back of the ears. However, he was not at all sociable, and it was not until I had saddled one of the horses and chased him for some time that I was able to catch him.

Hurrying through breakfast we struck camp and drove up as near as we could to the place where we had left our bear the night before. Every-

thing was just as we had left it. The question now was, could our little wagon carry five hundred pounds, in addition to the load on it? There was room to pile it on if the springs would bear it. This problem we soon solved by cutting two poles and securing them on either side of the bed and hubs to prevent collapse of the springs. This accomplished, we headed for York's.

On arriving at the ranch about 9 a. m., Mrs. York and several of the men greeted us. "Glad to see you alive," said Mrs. York. "The Indians have been here. They chased our horses to within shooting distance of the house yesterday, and the boys exchanged several shots with them, but no one was hurt. We thought once that they would get our horses."

"How many were there?"

"We saw seven. There were probably others. We did not dare to leave the house. They crossed the river about half a mile above here and went south towards Ash Peaks."

"Is that so? We want to go to Ash Springs, too. How far is it?" And they told us, but advised us against the trip.

One of the men said: Three different men have located Ash Springs as a cattle ranch. They have all been killed by Indians. The last one was buried near the door of his cabin only six months ago. You will see the fresh grave if you go up there. About five miles up Ash Canyon you will see two large piles of rock. They mark two large graves. In one of them are the remains of thirteen Americans; in the other seventeen Mexicans. You will also see the bones of horses and cattle scattered along the conyon. In April a wagon loaded with mescal and sotol came up from Casa Grande, Mexico, going to Clifton, Arizona. Just as they were passing through the box where you will see the graves, bones, etc., Victoria's Indians attacked them and killed the last man and animal in the train. Not a living thing escaped. Don't go to Ash Springs, gentlemen. But, if you must, wait a few days until those Indians get out of the country. We would like to have your company, anyway."

"By gum, boys," said Bill, "looks bad for us. There's some good prospecting out there, but we'd better wait a day or two and see what develops."

So we spent the next two days fishing, near the house, eating watermelons, telling bear stories, etc.

Shortly, word came from Duncan that a troop of soldiers and scouts had gone to head off the Indians in the San Simon Valley and either capture them or chase them back to the reservation. So supposing that the Indians had had time to clear the country and get out of the way of the soldiers, we decided to go to Ash Springs.

As we were leaving, Mrs. York said: "You know how I dread Indians. Since the death of Mr. York, seems to me it has been one continuous raid

and murder. I have a purchaser coming soon and intend to sell all of my property then go to California to live."

With this view of the situation, we left them, and arrived at the spring about 8 a. m. We observed the road carefully, especially with a view of coming back in the night or making a rapid retreat to the river if necessary. There are no obstructions or bad places we could not easily get around even at night. It was well for us that we took these precautions.

We found plenty of good, cold water near the little rock house built by the last man, Jack Smith, killed by the Indians a few months before. After a little reconnoissance of the camping ground, and seeing no signs of Indians, Bill took to the hills with his pick. Cab made a broom of brush and long grass, and cleaned out the cabin, while I put a shoe on one of the horses which had been torn off coming up the canyon. Together, we arranged our goods comfortably in the house, and had a good dinner ready when Bill returned at noon. Bill brought in some iron quartz showing small traces of gold and considerable traces of silver sulphurets. He had selected two claims on a ledge which he said he would show us later. (He never did.) After dinner we lay down for a little rest before going the rounds of the afternoon, which we had not yet decided upon. The days were long and warm, and as we had lost some sleep over the Indian excitment, bear and mule affair, we were far from being anxious to get out too early in the heat of the afternoon.

Shortly, Cab and Bill went up to clean out the spring ,which was full of mud, and incidently talk over plans for a few days' work, and I lay down to catch a little nap in their absence. I had not slept long when I was aroused by a rattling and scratching in the rocks near my head, sounding like a rattlesnake about to strike me. Jumping up, I saw one of the largest centipedes I ever saw. Instinctively I drew my pistol and shot, breaking both the articulate and bullet to pieces on the rocks. Cab and Bill came running to inquire the cause. I pointed to the fragments of lead and centipede and simply said "centipede."

"Another good omen," said Bill. "We are ready for all comers."

"Wait," said I, " the Indians have not come yet." We did not wait long.

The excitement having abated, Cab and Bill returned to the spring, and I conlcuded to take a stroll up the canyon in search for big "game." I had seen deer tracks around the spring and saw a good chance to get one. Buckling on my revolver and taking my rifle in my hand, I started out south up the canyon. I had not gone far when I discovered the tracks of our mule and horses going in the same direction that I was going. It occurred to me for the first time that I had not seen our live stock since we turned them loose in the morning. Furthermore the tracks indicated that the animals were walking fast instead of grazing along. I became

concerned, and followed the trail probably a mile and a half, wh ei t turned out of the main canyon and up a ridge westward towards the foothills. I had not gone but a few hundred yards when the trail turned to the north, crossing the gullies running into the canyon eastward. This looked good to me because I expected that in a short distance the trail would turn down into the canyon in the direction of camp. But there was a discouraging feature; it was growing late and rain began to fall in torrents, and soon washed out all signs of the trail. I had not taken along my gum coat. I soon found shelter in the form of a large, leaning live-oak tree. Fortunately, the tree was inclined from the direction of the wind and protected me amply both from the driving rain and the fury of the wind. My principal concern was the of care my gun. I realized that I might need it seriously at any time, and it was important that I should keep it dry. Finally, about sundown, the rain ceased and the clouds began to break away. I was about to leave my shelter when suddenly I caught sight of several deer coming out from the brush on the left and moving slowly across the glade. I could scarcely resist the temptation to shoot, but asked myself the question: "Are there any Indians lurking anywhere near here?" Just then I saw two or three figures slip around a bunch of brush to get a shot at the deer.

At once I decided to remain in hiding till dark, and then to make my way toward camp as best I could by moon-rise. Suddenly there came puffs of smoke and the report of guns from the brush concealing the Indians, and one of the deer dropped dead, the others disappearing in the brush. This was evidence that the Indians had not seen me or they would not have taken the chance of shooting the deer and revealing themselves. The Indians secured their game and dived among the brush almost exactly in the direction I had intended to go. I decided to go around to the left; for they seemed to be traveling in the opposite direction, southwest.

I did not dare leave my hiding place till dark, an hour later. Nor was it realy dark either; the moon was shining at about the first quarter. Apaches seldom seek their foe after nightfall, so I felt comparatively safe in trying to make my way around them in the direction that I supposed camp to be.

I worked my way westward to the opposite side of the glade where I saw the deer, and found a narrow ravine with its sides covered more or less with brush. It concealed my course fairly well from the view of any Indians that might be lurking in that vicinity.

I was working my way down the bed of the gulch when suddenly I came on an opening reaching out on a bench. On the further edge of it I was dumfounded to see the shadowy forms of a number of Indians. Near me was a large rock covered with vine and projecting several feet in the air. I crept behind it and waited developments. In a short time I saw several

dark forms moving in an open space about fifty yards away. Among them was a human being evidently not an Indian. They were dragging and pushing him along; his hands were bound behind his back, and a gag was tied over his mouth. The prisoner looked like a white man, and judging from his smothered groans and the actions of the Indians they were preparing to torture him. They tied him to a small tree and began to form a circle, about a dozen of them in all. They tormented the prisoner for some minutes by brandishing their weapons in his face. Then a tall Indian stood up and mumbled something. The others bowed around him in a half-bent posture and repeated the gutturals uttered by the leader, their bodies swaying up and down like topheavy saplings in a storm. The chief then raised the object which he held in one hand high into the air with both hands, and gave a whoop. The others whooped also, and began hopping, jumping, and shouting in an indescribable manner. After looking on for a while in wonder, I realized that I was witnessing an Apache Indian death-dance.

Suddenly their antics ceased, and the big fellow faced the prisoner, holding his lance in a threatening position, evidently intent upon torturing the victim as a cat tortures a mouse, before striking the final blow. The strain was too much for me. Some influence prompted me to shoot. The Indian leader pitched forward to the ground. The others, crouching in various positions, gathered around him. I fired several shots more in rapid succession at the group. As the smoke cleared away, I saw several dark forms running into the brush. The prisoner at the tree tore at his fastenings, and rolling down the slope disappeared in the gulch below. I did not dare go to him, but turned and ran, jumping over boulders, blundering across washouts, till finally I fell into a deep wash, where I remained some time too weak to pull myself together. I noticed a small motte of thick brush in a little sag just to the left and crept into it, and remained there thinking over the situation till the moon disappeared behind the crest in the west. Then taking advantage of the darkness, I started westward in the direction that I knew camp must be. In a little while I found myself in a broad, open valley which I recognized as being the way over which I had passed that afternoon. Knowing that the rock house must be a little farther on down the canyon, I pushed on, reaching camp about a mile below, just before daybreak. Cab and Bill were standing guard, and gave me a warm reception. They had heard the shooting and feared that the Indians had "got" me. I related my experience, while Cab and Bill prepared a light breakfast. We swallowed it hurriedly, and gathered our traps to leave the place.

Bill and I went out to get the stock. I had noticed a small clump of brush on the point of the foothill about three hundred yards away. Presently from it came a puff of smoke, and I fell to the ground, yelling to

Bill: "Fall down!" Bill failed to understand what had happened, and the next bullet whizzed over me and passed close to Bill's head. "I felt my hair stand on end," he said later.

"Look out, boys, that means business," said Bill. And, dropping the rope which was tied to one of the horses, he ran to the rock house, where Cab met him, carrying a Winchester rifle in one hand and a six-shooter in the other.

I lay on the ground and called to the boys to open fire on the clump of brush where the shot came from, till I could get into the house for protection. The boys climbed up back of the rock house where they could get a better view of the country on the opposite side of the canyon, and began "shelling" three objects running up the ridge towards the mountains west, about half a mile away. I soon joined in the sport, but saw that it was no use. There was nothing left for us but to get out as quickly as possible.

We loaded everything into the wagon and started for the Gila River as fast as we could travel. I rode the little mule, Jack, and kept in the lead about a hundred yards, while Cab drove the team and Bill walked in the rear, about a hundred yards behind. We knew that the Indians were more likely to attack us if we were all together than they would if we were scattered out a hundred yards apart. The Indians never showed up. We soon made our way to the Gila. About 9 o'clock we arrived at Duncan, Arizona, the nearest railroad station, just in time to witness a street duel between old "Coon Skin," an old prospector who wore a coonskin cap, and a cowboy who had started in to shoot up the town. The duel did not last long, and ended disastrously for the cowboy. Coon Skin used a shotgun, and the cowboy used a six-shooter. At the end of the first round the cowboy fell, with his face badly mutilated.

We had seen sufficient tragedy for one trip, so we purchased some needed supplies and left for Uncle Billy Wilson's ranch, up the river, which we reached about noon. Uncle Billy received us with a smile as usual, and gave us to understand that the latch string was always out. We watered and fed our team, had a good dinner with Uncle Billy, at his expense, and, after relating to him some of our experiences on the trip, turned in for an afternoon's rest.

We reached Malone, 35 miles away, next morning at 2 o'clock, July 21st. Being tired and sleepy, we hurriedly moved our traps into the cabin, watered and fed our stock grain, and retired for a few hours' rest and repose. In a few minutes we were all cuddled down in the "arms of Morpheus." The next morning we decided to remain in Malone a day or two and prospect the claims that had already been located, and gather a few specimens to take back with us. As Lawton's command had left Malone only a few days before our return, we considered ourselves safe to move around the hills near camp.

We slept through the heat of the day, and about four o'clock we had a good dinner of bear meat and bread and some of the good things that Uncle Billy Wilson had given us. Dinner being over, I left Bill and Cab to "clear up things," and, taking a pick and sack under my arm and my Colt's 45 in my belt, went up to the Big Wallipes mine about half a mile away to gather some specimens, On arriving at the mine, I took the precaution to look around the vicinity a little to satisfy myself that there were no Indians anywhere. Climbing up on a high point of rock near by, I carefully looked over the surrounding country, and had about decided that there was no danger whatever of Indians, for the time being, at least. Just then I noticed a small group of horses tramping around behind a small motte of bushes, about a half a mile away. I observed them carefully for a few seconds, when I discovered that there were men standing on the ground on the opposite side of the horses from me, apparently preparing to mount. To my terror, I realized that they were Indians. I waited a short time to see what they would do, but they remained almost in their tracks. I dreaded that they had caught sight of me, and had sent a squad of their number to cut off my retreat to camp. The first impulse was to run for camp and take a chance on fighting my way through with my revolver. After a little reflection to conceal myself in a prospect cut near by, where I could see and watch their movements long enough to form some idea what they were trying to do. For some minutes they remained stationary —apparently deliberating upon some course or waiting for something expected to happen.

Suddenly I heard the rustle of leaves on the dump back of me. I looked quickly in that direction, and saw two black, beady eyes under a cluster of heavy, dark hair, peering down at me from behind the ore dump. Instantly, with a loud whoop, the savage bounded up and, grasping a long lance in his hand, bore down upon me. But my right hand was too quick for him. I drew my revolver, and shot him through the head. The body rolled down towards me. I rushed down the path leading to camp, jumping or blundering over everything that came in the way, and reached camp more dead than alive.

Cab and Bill were out with their guns and covered my retreat most of the way from the mine to camp. They lost no time in pulling me into the house and securing everything against attack. The question may be asked: Why did the Indian risk a lance when he could have used a gun? The reason no doubt was this: there were only a few Indians, and they probably were not sure of conditions around Camp Malone. The soldiers had left there only a few days before, and there were still several men in camp, and the Indians did not wish to risk detection by firing a gun.

After a brief consultation we brought in our live stock and Bill and I

tied them to trees near the house, while Cab went to notify the other men in camp of the near-by Indians. Colonel Donohue and several men stopping with him were in camp at the time, and they began preparing for a night drive to Lordsburg, 16 miles south, that night.

We were bound for Silver City, and also decided on a night drive. As we had plenty of supplies and water in the house, we remained indoors till some time after dark. In the meantime, we prepared and ate a hearty supper, and gave our horses all of the grain they could eat.

About 10 o'clock p. m. we loaded the wagon and set out for Silver City, arriving there in time for breakfast early next morning. Our friends met us with open arms, and asked us all kinds of questions about our experiences.

Bill married in the fall of the same year, and they now have several grown-up sons. Shortly afterward Cab married Miss Schaublin of Las Cruces. Their union brought them one son who is now a man. Poor friend Cab and his good wife have long since passed into that Realm of Many Mysteries. May God bless them all.

I have had some thrilling experiences during my long term of life, but nothing else will compare with my experience with Geronimo's Indians in Arizona.

Diseases Prevalent Among Indians of the Southwest and Their Treatment:

R. I. Geare, of the National Museum, in Medical World.

THE statements presented in this article are obtained from Bulletin 34 of the Bureau of American Ethnology, which is a summary of the results of extended research among a large number of Indian tribes of the Southwest made by Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, Curator of Physical Anthropology in the National Museum. They will, it is hoped, afford at least a glance at the numerous conceptions and practices of those Indians.

The Southern Utes suffer from various digestive and pulmonary disorders, including consumption, while among the Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico the disease probably of greatest prominence is pulmonary consumption. Epilepsy and insanity are also occasionally encountered. On one reservation, among a population of about 3,000 there occurred from 1901 to 1903, 255 deaths, of which over 36 per cent were due to different forms of tuberculosis. The conditions are still worse among the Mescaleros.

On the White Mountain Reservation such cases are less common, but again become more frequent among the Jicarillas, and with this tribe several deaf and dumb children were observed. Both adults and young people of the Walapai tribe were found to suffer from stomach and intestinal disorders.

The Navajo Indians are, as a rule, healthy, except perhaps those around Fort Defiance, and their common disorders are those affecting the digestive tract. Within recent years they have learned to make an inferior kind of bread in which they use much cheap baking powder, and as the bread is not baked well and is eaten in large quantities, indigestion necessarily results. The increasing use of large quantities of black coffee also has a bad effect in producing headaches and vertigo. Rheumatic pains, particularly in the lumbar region, are quite common among old people, as well as simple ophthalmia and irritation of the eyes.

Among the Hopi Indians the most common diseases are ophthalmia and gastro-intestinal disorders, the former being generally caused by wind-blown sand. As a result, a comparatively large number of them become more or less blind. Among the Hopi children were noticed several cases of fevers, 3 of chickenpox, 3 of dry eczema, 2 of scrofula, 1 of strabismus, numerous instances of conjunctivitis and some of cough.

The most prevalent and fatal diseases among the Zuni are those of

the intestinal tract—enteritis of different forms, but not typhoid; pneumonia, tuberculosis (particularly pulmonary) infections.

The Papago Indians seem to be healthier than some of the other Southwestern Indians, while among the Pima tribe tuberculosis in its different forms, including scrofula, is quite frequent. One case apparently of elephantiasis of the foot and one case of marasmus were also observed among the Pimas. They say that if a stalk of the bush Cul-ick-un-ek (*Dondia suffrutescens*) wounds a man and is not promptly removed, it is liable to cause blood-poisoning that may have fatal results. Contact with the plant hā-van-tātat ("crows' feet": *Phacelia*, probably *infundibuliformis*) is followed by inflammation of the skin, and the Pima Indians say that when this plant touches the naked arms or legs it produces sores which, though they do not spread, will last for three weeks to a month.

With the Mojave Indians the most common complaints were found to be those of the stomach and intestines, and muscular rheumatism.

The most prevalent diseases among the Yumas seem to be malarial and venereal troubles, while among the Opatas those of the digestive system are the most common. Malarial fever is also prevalent.

The Yaquis are very sturdy, though along the valleys, especially in the mid-summer rainy season, they suffer from fevers, probably of a malarial nature.

A certain amount of irregularity of living and unhealthiness of the lowlands, with too frequent use of "tesvino," subjects the Tarahumare Indians to numerous disorders, the commonest of which are affections of the digestive organs and various forms of malaria. An affliction much spoken of and often fatal is "dolores costales," a term probably including both pleurisy and pneumonia. Contagious diseases, such as variola, visit these Indians occasionally. While insanity is very rare, cases of temporary mental aberration following drink are well known. Deaf and dumb people occur in this tribe and blindness is more or less frequent as the result of smallpox or injury of some kind.

Malarial fevers, dysentery and a chest disease, probably pneumonia, seem to be most frequent causes of death among the Tepecano Indians in Jalisco.

The Cora Indians seem to suffer chiefly from calentura (mild thermic fever) and outbreaks of smallpox. Pulmonary tuberculosis occurs, though rarely, and intestinal disorders among the infants are common.

Results from the abuse of intoxicants are said to mark the Otomi Indians, while epilepsy and other neuropathic conditions are met with quite frequently.

The most common disease among the Tlahuiltecs, besides the effects of alcoholism, are various calenturas and pneumonia.

From the preceding remarks the following are a few of the general deductions made as to the health and diseases of Indians in the Southwest and northern Mexico. On the whole, the health of the southwestern and in north Mexico noncivilized Indians is superior to that of the whites living in larger communities. Pathologic conditions of the blood are very rare, while anemia is occasionally met with in the later stages of malaria, or in a lighter degree in some of the taller school girls who have become debilitated. Diseases of the respiratory apparatus are relatively common and cause numerous deaths. Disorders of the digestive apparatus are very common, but rarely serious, except in the case of infants. Typhoid is very rare. Certain forms of diarrhea or dysentery attack both adult and young Indians, especially in the low-lying parts of Mexico. Intestinal parasities occur very seldom. Venereal diseases prevail more or less in the tribes near railroad centers and near large white settlements. Diseases of the skin are restricted to eczema, favus, or ulcers in children, acne in adolescents or young adults, and some ulcers, due to neglect, in older individuals. Headache is quite common among the nervous, and mental disorders occur, while vertigo occurs only occasionally, and hysteria of light or moderate form is met with occasionally in growing girls. Diseases and defects of the sense organs include numerous ophthalmias, some trachoma and occasionally a cataract. Strabismus is very rare, and so are ear diseases and defects of hearing. Of contagious and infectious diseases the most dangerous is smallpox. Localized epidemics of measles are quite common. Scarlet fever is very uncommon. Whooping cough is not very rare. Influenza was reported from several localities, and pneumonia in isolated cases has appeared in an epidemic form. Malignant diseases and hernia seem to be very rare, while rheumatic afflictions are quite common. Pathologic obesity does not exist.

In studying, the defeats of pigmentation, Dr. Hrdlicka met with two apparently related classes of phenomena. One of them was a regular, more or less complete and extended congenital lack of the usual pigmentation, or what may be termed *albinism* proper; the other being a generally irregular, more or less incomplete and tended depigmentation occurring at some period of life and known more commonly as *vitiligo*. Both of these conditions, originally probably neuropathic, yet seemingly radically different, explains Dr. Hrdlicka, were met with among the Indians visited, but in the Southwestern States the cases found were comparatively few in number and were restricted to a few tribes, while no instance of either kind was encountered among the Mexican Indians excepting the Tarahumare.

Taking up the Indian conception of diseases, its prevention and treatment, including folk medicine and medicine-men, Dr. Hrdlicka remarks

that among them illness is regarded as a deleterious spell which includes bodily suffering, is generally inimical to physical welfare, and may even bring an untimely death. Ailments caused by certain natural conditions, such as extreme heat or cold and accompanied by various symptoms, as pain, debility, fever, etc., are viewed rationally, but similar symptoms arising without their cause being observed cause suspicion of natural or supernatural secret agencies, and often the Indians suspect as the actual agent of a disease some material or magic object such as in his belief might cause the principal symptoms if introduced into the body in a natural way and with his knowledge. Thus there are to his mind "two chief classes of ailments: (1) those of an ordinary character which have their origin in extreme old age, accidents or some other accountable manner, and (2) those of a mysterious nature, incited by some adverse natural or supernatural power, sustained often by magic or particularly by some material agent introduced secretly into the body and requiring special, largely thaumaturgic, treatment." In brief, these people believe that all serious or protracted illness, the cause of which is not apparent, is due to occult influences of men, animate or inaminate objects, spirits or deities, and that the influence is exercised by a magic or secret introduction into the body, particularly during sleep or through touch while awake, of some noxious object as poison, a worm, an insect, a hair, a thorn, or a live coal, which produce and maintain the morbid manifestations. Death from disease, especially in the case of a young male adult, is regarded as the work of supernatural agencies superior in power to the counter agencies employed as a cure.

As a result of the Indians' effort to find persons endued with the supernatural powers to control and counteract the powers that caused the disease, there arose a class of "medicine-men" and "medicine-women" who were supposed to have extraordinary and mysterious powers, which they acquired prenatally or received in dreams or in connection with some notable event in their lives. By means of these gifts and with the aid of fetished they are supposed to recognize the mystic causes, to choose most efficacious way of preventing further action of this cause, and to remove or neutralize the objective agent to whose presence the suffering is due.

The treatment accorded by the mendicine-man may consist of repeated prayers to the elements or deities, depositing prayer sticks or counter-charms in shrines, appeals to the patient's personal protector or totem, the use of songs, rubbing or kneading, extracting the objective cause of the disease, blowing air or tobacco smoke on the patient, etc. There are also medicine-women in several of the tribes, a few of whom practice in the same manner as the men, but most of them serve as midwives and herbalists. They are said not to be tricky like the men, and usually

apply simple remedies, such as herbs. Quite independently of supernatural cures there is among the Indians much simple general knowledge of actual remedies, the medicines usually taking form as a decoction of some plant, though they are also used as an infusion, being first prepared by chewing and then applied externally as a salve or poultice. In only a few tribes are several herbs mixed together in one medicine. Among other curative methods are sweating, bandaging, splints, scarification, cauterizing, rubbing or kneading, pressure, etc.

Numerous native remedies are employed by the Jicarillas, and particularly the White Mountain Apaches, who use extensively the sacred yellow pollen called "hadntin," which is obtained from a plant known as the tule, or totara (*Scirpus lacustris*). The woody part from the inside of the cactus *Opuntia emorcyi*, tied on a string, is hung around the neck as a charm to ward off disease.

A good food for the sick is a mixture of the cin-ko-ja berries with water, while the roots of i-zé i-gag-goh-é-hi (*Euphorbia*) as well as the roots and sometime the stems of *Clematis drummondii* are chewed raw and fresh to induce diarrhea and vomiting. A decoction from the latter is administered in prolonged cases of indigestion. Another root used as a laxative and to produce vomiting is the "snake medicine" (Klish i-ze), while still another emetic used is the inside bark (pounded up and boiled) of a bush known as ta-dla-tsin.

A liquor made by boiling the roots of céh-ji (a species of *Chrysothamnus*) is taken for pains in the chest, while the roots of the Na-go-nel-thi plant are used to cure colds and sore throats. The roots of chil-to-je (*Rumex hymenosepalus*) are taken in the form of a decoction for coughs and consumption. The tops and young twig of Tha-ha-ne-tsa-i (*Ephedra viridis*) are boiled and sweetened for use by the San Carlos Apaches as a cough medicine. The seeds and root-bark of sas-chil (*Canotia holocantha*) and the roots of I-zé- hl-chi (*Eriogonum alatum*) are pounded up and boiled, and the decoction taken to cure diarrhea. Rheumatic pains are cured by the San Carlos Apaches by the use of the plant Chil-chek (*Covillea tridentata*), which is common along the Gila River. The tops, heated over the fire, are applied as a sort of poultice. These Indians boil the roots of Kesh-tsoz i-zé (slim-wood, *Fouquiera splendens*) and use the hot liquor as a bath for sore limbs. The root of this plant is also applied, pounded up, to any kind of swelling after the skin over the affected spot has been scarified with a piece of glass.

In cases of snake bites or scorpion stings the patients suck the wounds, spit toward the four cardinal points and pray that they may not be hurt.

A curious cure for sore eyes consists of letting the smoke obtained by burning the pith of *Opuntia bigelovii* on hot coals go into the open eyes. The cottony part of the root of me-tci-da-il-tco (*Perezia wrightii*)

is applied locally to sores and small wounds, and is also placed around the umbilical cord in the new-born infant and applied to any sore that may show itself there. The root i-zé bi-ne (*Cercus greggii*), dried and powered, is applied to open wounds and sores.

Among the Mescaleros faith in witchery is firm. One case of tuberculous meningitis was first treated by the agency physician, but as the disease did not give way, a nature medicine-man was called in. He first tried to move the cause by sucking, and pretended to extract a gopher from the child's head. As this did not help and the child died, he declared that it had been bewitched. Cases of prolonged headache among these Indians are said to be cured by gathering a bunch of the aromatic twigs of tsa i-zé (or I-tsa i-zé) (*Hedeoma reverchoni*), rubbing them in the hands and inhaling the smell.

One remedy for consumption is to drink the decoction made by pounding the "medicine red flower" plants, and another one is composed of two or three kinds of vegetable medicines mixed together. These are boiled and the patient drinks about a pint of the tea at one time. The same remedies are given for tapeworms, under the belief that it kills the worms.

In treating cases of rheumatism the Mescaleros rub on the affected parts a decoction of several roots and then subject the patient to a process of sweating. A large pan or tub, or a large hole in the ground, is half filled with water, into which are thrown some of the roots and heated stones. The receptacle is first covered with sticks and then with juniper balls, the patient sitting on the top wrapped with cloths up to the chin. There he remains for about half an hour. Afterward some of the decoction is again applied locally. Before the treatment the joints are usually marked with red ocher (chi), a custom whose object and significance are unknown.

The broken twigs and leaves of a parasitic plant (*Phyllanthus*) are used by the Mescaleros as a remedy for itching. They boil the medicine and drink it or apply it externally.

The roots of kuh-bi-zé ("snake medicine") are in great repute for snake bites among the Mescaleros. A piece of the root, preferably fresh, is chewed up and applied to the wound, being held in place by a rag. If applied early or even within a few hours, the part affected swells or pains very little if at all. The bitten part should not be washed with water. If it is, much swelling results.

For curing toothache, after burning the end of a certain kind of twig, it is inserted as hot as possible into the cavity; or, when there is no cavity, the heated point is applied to the top of the tooth. This treatment is repeated till the aching stops. The leaves of the mesquite are used for sore eyes. They are ground into powder which is placed in a thin cloth, water is added, and the liquid then squeezed into the eyes.

In aggravated cases, when a sort of membrane forms over the eyeball, the Mescaleros insert a needle under the "flesh" and, cutting the latter with a splint of glass, "pull it right off."

In curing their various bodily disorders the Navajos employ many herbs. Sweat baths are also frequently employed, but in the more serious cases, reliance is placed on the tribe's medicine-men, who treat them by means of fetishes, incantations, and prayers.

Some of the Navajo Indians use the "white-man's medicine," E-na i-zé (*Chrysothamnus greenei*) in cases of measles and chickenpox. They break up the tops of the plant and place them in luke-warm water. After steeping the mixture, the whole body of the patient is rubbed with it, afterward being well covered up. The eruption is said to darken rapidly and dry up.

There is in the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago an elaborate medicine outfit of a Navajo shaman. It consists of four painted buckskin masks, a bunch of large eagle feathers, 12 plume sticks, 3 bundles of mixed feathers, 16 bundles of turkey feathers, 2 fine old bull roarers, 2 rawhide rattles, a gourd, a rawhide rattle, a bone whistle, a stick 7 inches long wrapped with buckskin, a stick 5 inches long wrapped with woolen yarn, 4 miniature bows, 2 horn cups, a flaked quartzite implement, a clam shell, 2 chipped flint implements, 2 chipped jasper implements, 2 flat horn-tipped implements, a bundle of fire sticks, a necklace of hawk talons, a square piece of buckskin, a goatskin bag, 2 badger's feet, a small modern Hopi feed bowl, a lot of dried juniper berries, a lot of dried and chopped-up internal organs, a lot of friable sandstone, 2 lots of bone, a large blue glass marble, 8 lots of herbs and seeds, a lot of indigo, a lot of vegetable mold, a stemless clay pipe, 8 buckskin bags containing paints, earths, etc., 10 small lots of Indian corn, a cone of stalagmite, 2 quartz pebbles, a fossil oyster, 2 wristlets of eagle and hawk talons, 56 small buckskin bags, containing paints, earths, roots and herbs, vegetable powders, etc., and a buckskin bag resembling the Apache "split bags."

Dr. Hrdlicka found that the Hopi Indians use numerous herbs and other objects as remedies, most of which seemed to be employed as fetishes, or from their having some fancied resemblance to the disease or diseased organ. At some of their ceremonies they drink or rub themselves with mixtures which are supposed to be "good medicine," preventive of all illness through their magical power. After the snake-dance, the participants drink "for purification" a decoction made of a number of herbs, which soon acts as an emetic. The vomiting is supposed to clean the body spiritually as well as physically. Splinters from trees struck by lightning have a reputation among them for great efficacy, as fetishes, in the treatment of fractures. One of their peculiar treatments is to

Photo by E. K. Miller

CURLEY, CROW SCOUT

Only Survivor of General Custer's at the Battle of Little Big Horn, 1876

A GALA DAY IN AN OKLAHOMA TOWN

bandage tightly a sore limb with a rope, but the reason was not ascertained. For snake bites two antidotes are given, a secret decoction of a number of herbs, which is drunk, and the application to the wound of the ventral surface of the disemboweled snake.

The Papagos employ treatments about the same as other tribes, mostly by incantations, partly by herbs. Open wounds are always treated with powders, gum or decoctions, which chiefly induce suppuration and healing by granulation. Boiled red earth from beneath the fire, strained and with a little salt added, is used in acute indigestion. In chronic indigestion a dose of a decoction made from the white inner bark of the mesquite, powdered as finely as possible, and boiled, with salt added, is given to the patient early every morning. One child was noted with what looked like a plaster on each temple as a cure for headache. They were made from flour alone and were supposed to "stop the air from going in through the temples."

A decoction made from the boiled leaves of "greasewood" (Sho-sho-go-i), *Covillea tridentata*, is used as a remedy for contusions, and by the Pimas and Maricopas for stomach troubles, while the powdered root of the Sé-wi-dje (Canaigre), *Rumex hymenosepalus*, is put on sores, especially sore lips. The juice of the mesquite is a cure for sore eyes and sore eyelids.

The San Xavier Indians have a curious remedy for earache. They boil an egg quite hard. A small hole is made at one end and covered with a rag, the egg being then applied to the sore ear.

Among the Papagos the dried and powdered flesh of the rattlesnake is used in cases of consumption, a small quantity being added to the patient's food while it is cooking and without his knowledge. In fevers these Indians use the root of the "big children" plant (A-a-li-gu-gu-li). The root is broken up into little pieces and boiled. This root is also used for toothache, ground up fine, mixed with fat and then placed in the cavity. It is also used for neuralgia. In cases of snake bite the snake is killed and torn open, and a part from the inside is applied to the wound.

It is commonly believed by the Pima Indians that patients suffer as the result of transgression or the breaking of some tabu. The medicine-man is usually called in to find the true cause, and the patient often recollects that he did some wrong—as the medicine-man may indicate. It is said that hair when surreptitiously introduced into the body, is one of the principal substances that may operate as a cause to produce or aggravate disease.

In the case of children's diseases, it is believed that the parents did not properly care for themselves during the period of gestation. For instance, they may have killed an animal, whose spirit causes the disease of the child. If it was a dog, the child will have fever; if a rattlesnake,

there may be a swelling of the stomach in the child to be born; if a coyote, diarrhea; if a rat, chills.

Horned toads are not supposed to be killed by the Pima Indians; but if one is killed, the children may become "lame in the joints" or hunchbacked.

In the case of the death of an apparently healthy man or woman, the Pima Indians believe that a medicine-man has caused death through his magic, that the victim may have been called away by a dead person, or otherwise bewitched. They also believe that the badger can cause disease by making the neck swell, which is easily cured, however, by warming a badger's tail and tying it over the affected part.

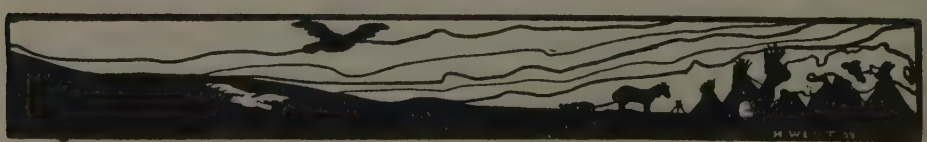
An owl's feather is used in curing a person who steadily loses flesh and feels ill.

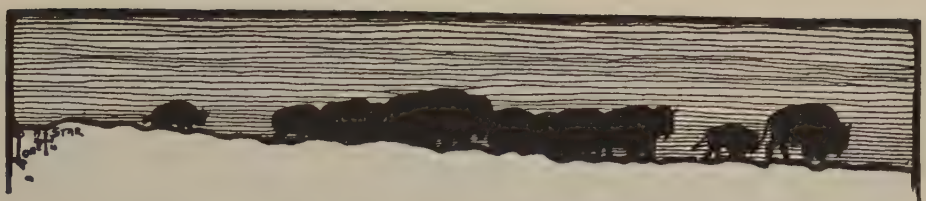
The dark yellow pollen of a little fungus (*Tylostoma*),which the Pimas call Che-wa-te mo-to-a-te, is applied by them about the cord of the new-born infant, both as a prevention of inflammation and as a remedy when inflammation or suppuration has developed.

For rattlesnake bites the Pimas suck the wounds, but the latest remedy is to kill the snake, tear it open and apply to the wound a certain fat which is found along its middle. It is said to be efficacious even when the limb has begun to swell, and occasionally is applied without sucking the wound. In all painful internal affections, cauterization is used, and for this purpose a small, cottony ball of parasitic orgin is used.

The Maricopa Indians use several remedies similar to those employed by the Pimas, as the tribes have intermarried. They have, however, a number of native remedies, such as the powdered fruit of the *tat* cactus mixed with a small quantity of ground wheat, for diarrhea; a tea made from boiled branched of "greasewood" for disorders of the stomach; the boiled blossoms of the "reed lay down" (X'ta-chách) for colds; the juice of a little plant known as Ku-rír, which is of a milky consistency, for constipation; the mesquite juice, dried and ground fine, for sore eyes; crushed beans, mixed with water, of the castor-oil plant (Kwel) for earache, etc.

The basis of treatment of disease among the Mojaves is largely superstition and magic. Their medicine-men, who are very powerful, claim to stop almost any pain or cure almost any sickness by prayers or songs. If the patient has a fever, the medicine-man blows it away. It is said that one of their snake doctors can "kill" the rattlesnake poison in an instant without medicine or manipulation. Certain vegetable remedies, however, are used by this tribe, as well as physical means to alleviate sickness.





Good Fifth Son:

By R. H. Adams.

GOOD FIFTH SON was a sub-chief of the Teton Sioux. Young, atheletic and handsome he was a most picturesque Indian, besides being an experienced warrior, and by reason of his brilliant record as a brave fighter, and a superior intelligence, he was a man of influence among his own people and their kindred tribes. The wily old Sitting Bull had many times tested his mettle as a brave warrior and had never seen him shrink his duty. Old Chief Red Cloud counted him among his most trusted strategists, and in scouting and stalking tactics considered him among the most trustworthy in all the Sioux nation. He had often sat in council with Spotted Tail, Gaul, American Horse, and other hereditary chiefs, although he was only a "cub chief" not in power. He was camped with Sitting Bull's band on the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876, when General Custer attacked them about one o'clock in the morning. Good Fifth Son was one of the most conspicuous warriors in the deplorable massacre that followed, and after the last white man had been killed was one among many other warriors who turned upon General Reno's command, whom they would have annihilated also had it not been for the near approach of General Terry with the main army. Good Fifth Son, not unlike all the other Indians who were engaged in the Battle of The Little Big Horn, claimed that the annihilation of General Custer and his command instead of being, as it has been termed, a massacre, was only a "turn of the tables," or doing to the white men what the white men had in mind to do to the Indians. He was later a conspicuous figure in the Messiah craze, the ghost dances, and the battle of Pine Ridge, and the battle of the Mission. The death of Sitting Bull at the so-called battle of Pine Ridge, December 15, 1890, and the skirmish at the Mission a few days later, marked the end of wars for this most wonderful tribe of Indians. Good Fifth Son was comparatively a young man, and thus early in the beginning of his career the fighting days of the Indians ended forever, leaving him no further opportunity to demonstrate his quality as a warrior, a councilor, or a statesman. Fate had decreed that his mature manhood must be spent in idle quietude, midst the humdrum life of the Indian reservation.

His youth and early manhood were devoted to those things which made for honor and promotion among his own people, and when his career

was thus suddenly cut short it was too late for him to start for a career along other lines of usefulness. Those who were younger could, if they would, lay out a course under the new order of things; the aged also could leisurely live out the remainder of their days in peace and quietude, but to Good Fifth Son the change was more than a calamity, it was a tragedy. He had started out with an ambition and a determination to become great, influential, and powerful among his people, and success had thus far crowned his efforts. He no doubt pictured in his mind illustrious men of the great Dakota nation, and planned to become as important and influntial as any who had preceded him. But alas, just as his star of hope was ascending, and he could almost grasp the sceptre as a ruler and a statesman in the council of his people, he awakens to find no nation in which to rule. The last of the renowned and honored of their chieftains have quietly folded their blankets about them and passed over the "great divide" into the happy hunting grounds, leaving him and his cherished ambitions to slowly perish amid environments and obstacles which he may never hope to surmount. He is unfitted by early training for a useful life in the ordinary pursuits of commerce or agriculture, yet he is forced to readjust his life to the surroundings, which are as different from his boyhood training as daylight is from darkness. Such, however, is the stern decree of relentless fate, which stalks with iron heels through all the affairs of the human race, and whether right or wrong blindly rewards, rebukes, and condemns.

Some may say it is but "The Survival of the Fittest." Then let us remember the words of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), "I have known the Indian since I was a baby; I have known him in war and in peace; and I have known him to be always honorable in war and peace;" and remembering the best there was in the Indian, let the superior race that has builded upon his funeral pyre make sure of their fitness in all things that make for honor, charity, and righteousness, that they offer this one lame excuse for having driven from the face of the earth a great race of men. An Indian's word was his bond. Honesty was his badge of honor, and he has often been known to scrupulously keep his promise even at the cost of his own life.

In boasting of our survival as the superior of a people with a conscience such as this, it is highly fitting that we should strive to outclass them even in these sterling virtues.

Copper Implements Made by Indians.

From the Houghton (Mich.) Gazette.

UPT. J. A. Doelle recently received a letter from a Delta County citizen asking for information relative to copper implements made by Indians. He had found such implements in his locality, he said, and wished to know something of their history. The request was turned over to the history department of the Houghton high school, and Miss Ivy Worthing was assigned to prepare the account which follows here. In its preparation, Miss Worthing has drawn upon books in the Houghton library and the collection of the Keweenaw Historical Society, and has had access to the excellent collection of Indian copper weapons and tools belonging to J. T. Reeder of Houghton.

Copper Implements.

COPPER is one of the most ancient of the known metals and derives its name from the Latin word "cuprium," the name for Cyprus Island, off the southern coast of Asia Minor, on which copper used by the Greeks and Romans was obtained. Next to gold, silver, and platinum, copper is the most ductile and malleable of metals. It is more elastic than any other metal except steel, and the most sonorous of all except aluminum. As a conductor of heat and electricity it ranks next to silver. It tarnishes when exposed to the air, becoming covered with a green substance called carbonate.

Iron did not come into general use until much later than copper because of the difficulty in obtaining it from its ores. The early people did not know the processes in which iron could be taken from the ore. Five or six hundred years ago, copper was used just as much as iron is used now. Of course the people in those early days did not have the machines that we today have. They did their work by hand and almost all of their implements were small.

In the prehistoric times of Europe, when cave men were beginning to take an interest in metals, copper was one of the most important used. The Egyptians were the first to use this metal and to sell its products to the other countries of Europe. It was probably in the province of Sinai that some Egyptian made a camp near some copper ore. His fire was surrounded by the rock to shield it from the wind. The hot embers of the fire mixed with some of the rock. When the Egyptian stirred his fire next morning, he found small beads of shinning substances among the ashes. The process was repeated and produced copper, which was first used as ornaments. Later, the Egyptians came to understand and realize that this substance could be used in many ways instead of stone, that it made much better knives and daggers than those made of stone. Daggers were fashioned with points which would cut limestone in the

desired shapes for pyramids, thus doing away with the use of inferior sun-baked bricks. This was the beginning of the copper industry of Europe. Now we will see how it began in our own country.

The copper nuggets were probably discovered accidentally by the Indians among the debris of the glaciers. It was first used for purposes of trade, but later was made into useful articles of domesticity and warfare.

Explorers in 1847-8 explored the great mine, the Minnesota, which is located two miles east of the present site of Ontonagon. Eleven excavations were found, evidently made by some men at a distant period. On examination these were found to be on a course of veins of copper and the excavations were found to extend down into the solid rock.

When these pits were afterward explored, great quantities of crude hammers were discovered. These were made of the hardest kind of green stone in the neighborhood, ranging from all sizes and between four and forty pounds in weight. These hammers were long and were rounded at both ends. Around the center of each was a groove, intended for securing the handle. The larger hammers had two grooves because of the difficulty in using them. The handles had been of buckskin which was put on the stone when it was green, and later contracted so as to tighten itself about the stone as the handle. The only other tools found were a copper gad or wedge, copper chisel with a socket head, and a weapon bowl. These things revealed that the country must have been inhabited by people with great skill. They must have lived all through the region because similar objects were found in other mines, even in Isle Royale.

Many of the trenches at the Minnesota mine were filled with gravel and rubbish, sometimes twenty feet deep. When this was dug out, there were found buried masses of copper which the people had entirely separated from the veins. The mass was supported on blocks of wood and by means of the fire and hammer has been removed from the stone. The weight seems to have been too hard for these aborigines to raise. One mass of copper was taken out of this mine that weighed six tons.

Many of the implements found have been destroyed. People did not realize their value. The copper found its way to the melting pot. Others kept the implements as relics and from these we discover how the Indians used copper. We do not know whether the Indians made copper implements after the white man came or not.

The Wisconsin Indians seem to have known the sources of copper perfectly, but they regarded it as something superstitious and used it only in respectful ways. Explorers have reported that the Boeuf Indians (Buffalo) of Dakota and the Indians along the Lake Superior shores used copper in making their implements and ornaments.

Recently, Indians have testified to the use of copper implements

among the Wisconsin, Winnebago, and Chippewa tribes. The Winnebago Indians possessed the greatest quanitity because they were nearer to the Superior copper regions. Copper was a luxury to the other tribes whose admission to these mines was cut off by the invasion of the Algonquian Indians.

The copper in a cold state was hammered into shape by the stone hammers which the Indians made themselves. They put the finishing touches to the articles by rubbing sharp stones over the surface. Copper at ordinary temperatures is much more malleable than pure soft iron. It is worked into shape much more easily when it is hot than when cold. It is hardened by the pounding, which accounts for the harder edge of celts and other specimens beaten out thin. The copper was usually taken from the rock and made into implements at the place of the workings, but much of the copper ore was taken from these places and made into implements elsewhere. Many copper implements were found in the New England States and Canada. They were similar to the objects found in the Superior region and probably came from that mine. This is possible because of the trade done between the earliest inhabitants and the surrounding tribes. The amount of copper implements obtained from the mounds and graves of Wisconsin is very minute when compared with the guantity obtained from the village site and fields.

There are two classes into which the copper articles made by the Indians are divided. Of these, implements are far more important than the ornaments. The uses of many of the implements, because of the resemblance to modern articles, is readily understood. Some of these implements are described in the following paragraphs.

Axes.—The axes ranged from one-half to three pounds in weight and were from three to ten inches long. They were of three types.

The first of these was the oblong ax. The edges were parallel or nearly so. Specimens have been measured which were from four to seven inches long. The edges were slightly elevated giving a concave surface in the center.

The next type of ax was that with the straight tapering edges which were widest at the cutting edge. They narrowed gradually towards the head which was sometimes square or round. The largest specimen of this type was fourteen inches long and the smallest specimen was two inches long. This type was the most common type.

The third type of ax was that in which the edges curved equally from the cutting edge to the head. Examples found are thin, broad, and flat. The head is square and sometimes nearly as broad as the cutting edge.

Axes were very useful in wartimes. They were also used in felling trees, shaping log canoes, and in building dwellings and fortifications.

Chisels.—Examples of these implements range from five to fifteen

inches in size and are from five ounces to five and three-fourths pounds in weight. Chisels were used in excavating wooden canoes, mortars, and other vessels.

Spuds.—These are broad flat implements, nearly the same thickness throughout. Examples are from six to eight or more inches in length. The broad, narrow blades are semi-circular in outline. The handle tapers from them to a square or slightly rounded extremity.

Spuds are used for stripping bark from trees and for similar purposes.

Gouges.—The gouge is similar to the chisel. It is distinguished by a concavity on its lower surface that reached somewhat to the middle.

Gouges were used in working out rounded or oval hollows or holes.

Adzes.—Adzes are also called spuds, winged chisels, and hoes. The average specimen is three inches in length and two and one-half inches in width. The weight is from twelve ounces to nearly two pounds. They are usually covered with peculiar forms and symbols. The shape of the blade varies and there are so many kinds that they can not be classed.

Adzes were probably used in cutting ice or were agricultural implements. They may have helped to shape canoes and wooden articles.

Spatulas.—A small number of spatulas have been found having broad, thin blades. They are irregularly rounded or somewhat triangular in outline. The handles are short and are not more than three-eights of an inch thick. They range from four to six inches in length.

It has been suggested that the spatulas were used in the shaping of aboriginal earthenware or removing the flesh from skins and bones and scales from fish.

Knives.—The knives found(there were a great many of them) were very much like the knives of today. The cutting edge is usually on the right side of the blade.

Arrow and spear points.—There are about ten types of arrow and spear points. The most common are the leaf-shaped points, stemmed flat points and the ridged points. These vary in length from less than one inch to six inches and more. The average point is small, usually not more than two inches in length.

Spear and arrow points were found in great numbers along the shore sites of lakes. They were most likely used for shooting and spearing fish.

Harpoon points.—One type of harpoon point is flat and short. These points are two and one-half inches long.

Specimens of another type taper to sharp points at both extremities. These are all large. The largest specimen found measures ten and three-fourths inches in length and one-half inch in diameter at the middle.

Some points are triangular in section. Of these, the thinner edge is separated by four stout barbs which are separated from each other by a distance of one and one-half inches.

INDIAN FAIR EXHIBIT—1915

INDIAN FAIR EXHIBIT—1915

The "socket harpoon" is that in which one edge of the blade is prolonged into a barb at the base of either side.

The special purpose of each of these types is not known. The general use was as a weapon with which to catch large fish.

Pikes and punches.—These implements were the largest implements of copper that were found in Wisconsin. They were rod-like in form, usually circular or square and tapered to a point at one or both ends.

The largest specimen measures forty inches long and is one inch in diameter at the middle. It tapers to a point at either extremity and weighs five and one-fourth pounds.

It is doubtful whether pikes and punches were used as weapons or not. It is thought that they were heated and used in burning out wooden canoes or wooden vessels.

Awls and Drills.—These implements have been found in great numbers along the coast of Lake Michigan in Wisconsin. They are mostly of small sizes. They vary in size from one to six inches or more. The simplest type is a slender piece of copper pointed at one or both ends. They are probably mounted in handles of wood, antler, or bone, the object of the shoulder being to prevent their passing into the handle too far. Awls and drills were used in drilling holes in wood, bone, or stone, or in piercing skins.

Spikes.—These implements vary in shape and size. They resemble our modern spikes and may have been used as perforators or drills. Spikes with broad, flat points may have been used as chisels.

Needles.—The needles closely resemble these of today. They all contained eyes. They ranged from two to eight and one-eighth inches in size.

Fish Hooks.—Many of these implements were found on the shores of Lake Michigan. They were also found along the shores af Green Lake, upper Wisconsin, Fox, Wolf, and Little Wolf rivers. The specimens were of the smallest size. The largest known example is four inches long. The fish hooks are usually circular but some are square. The piece at the place of attachment to the line is usually straight. Sometimes it is flattened or bent into an eye. A few hooks have been found with bits of fibers attached to the eye.

Banner Stones.—Many banner stones of different patterns have been found. One specimen is the pattern of a beautiful butterfly with expanding wings.

Other Peculiar Implements.—Some peculiar implements have been found which do not belong to any class described. One specimen of this implement measured eight and one-fourth inches in length. It is circular in section and tapers to a point at either extremity. It is seven-eighths inches in diameter near the thicker extremity, and is knotty all over the

surface. It has been suggested that such an article was used for a club bludgeon. It weighs eight and one-half ounces.

There were also some long, curved, flattish implements found that have been used as swords. Specimens measure to twenty inches long and one inch wide near the middle. Other indescribable implements were also discovered.

Ornaments—Beads.—The most commom type of beads found was that of the spherical shape. They were made by rolling together a small, narrow strip of copper, varying in thickness from less than one-eighth to one-fourth inch or more. Only one or two turns were necessary to make a rude bead of large size.

Other beads were made by rolling a thin sheet of copper into the shape of a cylinder. These varied in diameter which sometimes exceeded two inches. Beads were found in great quantities in graves and mounds. As many as one hundred were found in one grave.

Bangles.—These were thin sheets of copper and were of small conical shapes open at both extremities. They take the place of brass thimbles or bells with which the Indians dressed decorated dress fringes or other articles for wear. Many bangles were found on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Finger Rings.—These rings were crescent-shaped, being worn as ear and nose rings also. These took great skill in the making.

The manufacture of ear rings took much skill. We find wonderful work done in the scrolls and patterns on the plates which were found in the graves.

Gorgets and Pendants.—These ornaments were triangular in shape at the upper extremity. They contained two perforations for attachment. One of the largest measures three and one-eighth inches long and one and one-fourth inches at the upper edge. Sheet copper pendants of circular shapes were also found.

Crescents.—These ornaments were worn on the breast and fastened to the neck by a cord. Several may have been worn, one below the other. A large number have been collected in Wisconsin. One type was the shape of a canoe. The largest and finest example known is ten by two and one-fourth inches and weighs twenty ounces.

Head Bands.—These were flat strips of native copper. On the skulls of two skeletons, in a mound in Crawford County, were found thick copper plates. The larger was ornamented along the edges with a double row of indentions.

Copper to the Indian was something beyond the ordinary, and possessed supernatural powers. No other substance could be more easily hammered into shape. It was so malleable and was capable of being polished to a shining brightness which looked very good to the eye.

A Bewildered People

That the Indian is confused in mind as to his status is not surprising. For a hundred years he has been spun round like a blindfolded child in a game of blind-man's buff. Treated as an enemy at first, overcome, driven from his lands, negotiated with most formally as an independent Nation, given by treaty a distinct boundary which was never to be changed "while water runs and grass grows," he later found himself pushed beyond that boundary line, negotiated with again, and then set down upon a reservation, half captive, half protege.

What could an Indian, simple-thinking and direct of mind, think of all this? To us it might give rise to a deprecatory smile. To him it might have seemed the systematized malevolence of a cynical civilization. And if this perplexed individual sought solace in a bottle of whiskey or followed after some daring and visionary Medicine Man who promised a way out of a hopeless maize, can we wonder?

Manifestly the Indian has been confused in his thought because we have been confused in ours. It has been difficult for Uncle Sam to regard the Indian as an enemy, national menace, prisoner of war, and babe in arms all at the same time. The United States may be open to the charge of having treated the Indian with injustice, of having broken promises and sometimes neglected an unfortunate people, but we may plead by way of confession and avoidance that we did not mark for ourselves a clear course, and so "like bats that fly at noon," we have "spelled out our paths in sylablles of pain."

HONORABLE FRANKLIN K. LANE
Secretary of the Interior.

DE road ter destruction am so broad dat even de bow-legged man kin fin' plenty er room.

UNCLE EPHRIAM